TURKEY'S EMPTY TREASURY SOME OF THE SHIFTS OF THE SULTAN'S FI-NANCIAL AGENTS.

THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

Constantinople, September 14.

The finances of the Empire are always a matter of anxiety, and have been veritable anguish to the Ministry for the last two or three months. In order to meet the needs of the Government many items of taxation have been increased during the year. The tax on real estate has been raised to one per cent. The tax on male Christians, known as the Military Exemption tax, has been increased one-third, leading the parents of new-born infants to regret the cruel fortune which gives them boys instead of girls, and causing plous Muslems on the other hand to offer devout thanksgiving upon the advent of every male infant which Providence has sent to augment the amount which Christian households pay into the exchequer of the Faithful. The stamp tax, which affects almost every writing to which a man can set his name, and which among other things gives to the Government one per cent of all rents on real estate, is being collected with great vigilance. The tithe, now consisting of 12 1-2 per cent of all farm produce, is collected with great care. The emigration of peas ants, being regarded as a disloyal effort to escape taxation, has been for some time limited to those who can furnish bail for the regular payment of their personal taxes during their residence in other lands. But emigration is now strictly prohibited, and a number of luckless mortals, taken by force from steamers bound for outlandish parts, have been made to repent their follies in prison until they could find bondsmen willing to guarantee that the prisoners would not again attempt to escape the process which the diplomatists of Europe term " frying in their own

Notwithstanding all these economic measures the revenues have not equalled the demands on the Treasury for the army, for the prosecution of various new building schemes affecting the comfort of the Imperial household, and for the payment of the Russian war indemnity. Small local loans have carried the Treasury through various temporary crises of need, it being the principle of the Treasury to accompany the granting of a permit for mining or manufacturing enterprises, or even the settlement of old debts by an arrangement for an advance of hard cash. The Bosphorus Steamboat Company was thus induced to loan the Government \$500,000 on the occasion of the renewal of its monopoly for another term of years. But the need of money to meet pressing liabilities finally led to the negotiation of a loan of \$6,500,000 with some of the local banks. After endless discussions of the rate of interest, the percentage of commission, and the amount of overdue paper to be put in in lieu of cash, the terms were arranged, the convention was signed, and all parties breathed more freely. But the next day an Imperial rescript vetoed the whole proceeding, the Finance Minister was dismissed from office and placed on trial for peculation in connection with the scheme, and the whole miserable labor of finding money where none exists was thrown upon the Ministers again. As an illustration of the extent to which the

Treasury is pinched, it is said that there has been a strike of the cooks in one of the great palaces on the ground that they had received no pay for something over two years. The strikers were promptly sent about their business, there being none to call "scab" at the men hired in their places. Then it was announced to the unhappy cooks that since they had been excused from military service in virtue of their services to the State while concecting savory dishes, they must now perform the duty which they owe

admit of prognostications as to the result. The Turkish theory is that a railway must necessarily reap enormous profits, and the view of the officials centemplates the reserving of a good share of these theoretical profits to the Government by a special impost which shall be paid in any Tables of expense and estimates of cost have little weight as against the belief that the many applications for the concession of the right to build these roads prove the existence of some secret source of revenue which the estimates do not take into account. On this general principle are fixed the amounts demanded of the railway company that is to be, and the application for the grant of the right to build the railway assumes the character, if not the form, of a chaffing bout in the bazars. Meanwhile the farmers within a hundred miles of the Capital are unable to find a market for their produce. and the possibility of famine and starvation always attends the limit which, in consequence of this fact, they put upon the fields sown.

The European railways are now open to Vienna, and this city is blessed with a daily The route from Vienna to Constantinople by rail is an interesting one, since it gives the traveller a view of the village life of the Turks, which has hitherto been beyond the reach of those who have not the time or the endurance for caravan travel. But the lamentations of the travellers who come by the new railway over the privations of the route are painful. A man sallies forth gleefully from Vienna in the midst of luxury to take a run to Constantinople. He is told that he can reach his destination in fortyseven hours, and makes up his mind that he can endure anything in the way of privation for that time. In twenty-four hours he is convinced that he will die of starvation before he has arrived at the end of his journey. A dirty and ragged populace offer him water at every station, for a good price. At some stations men propose to him to buy bits of terribly black bread and cubes of lambs' livers fried, at a penny a handful, the vender's horny fist being the But the traditional railway restaurant, with its formal splendor of glass-ware and its decorative food preparations, is totally lacking. If in one place he can find a restaurant, its highest achievement in the way of a dinner is a dish of green peppers stewed and a cup of black coffee. On arriving at any station where the unusual number of officials implies importance, the tourist will feel hope reviving within him. But on asking for the restaurant he is sure to be answered There is no restaurant; there is only change of cars, and an examination of passports and of baggage."

The Austrian cars stop at the Servian frontier and the travellers proceed to the Bulgarian frontier in Servian cars. There he must change into Bulgarian cars, leaving them again at the Turkish frontier for the ears which are to take him to Constantinople. The multiplicity of changes in a journey where every change of cars is to be indicated to the victim in a new language, is most perplexing and wearing upon the man who is necustomed to being cared for in one or two languages alone. However, all these things will doubtless be changed when the officials of the roads

herself into the sea with the purpose of taking her own life. The firmness of this purpose was shown by the solidity with which she had bound her own hands and feet before throwing herself into the water.

MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

AN EPISODE IN SOOCHOW.

AN EPISODE IN SOOCHOW.

From The St. James's Gazette.

Some time ago a murder was committed at Soochow, in China, which at first baffled the skill of doctors and left the police without any clew. The circumstances were as follows: A small shopkeeper named Le was one morning found dead in his bed. This was at once, according to law, reported to the magistrate, who was ex officio coroner of the district, and who without delay sent his officers to make the preliminary investigation. These messengers found the house draped with every emblem of wee, and the widow beside herself with grief. The body bore no outward signs of violence, and to all appearances suggested death from natural causes. In due course the magistrate held an inquest, and, having applied every test known to Chinese science, declared himself completely at fault.

known to Chinese science, declared himself completely at fault.

He reported, therefore, to the Prefect that there was no evidence to show how Le had met his death. This result, however, failed to satisfy the Prefect, who was an austere man and abhorred ambiguities. He therefore referred the report back to the magistate, with direction to make further investigation, and to arrive at a more definite finding. This rescript reached the magistrate when he was taking his case in the bosom of his family, and awoke most unpleasant anticipations in his mind as to the course which it was probable the Prefect would take in case of a further failure. In his difficulty he took his wife into his confidence. Having listened carefully to all he had to say, and having asked many questions as to the Le family and their surroundings, she said:

"Did you examine carefully the crown of his head, under the thick locks of hair which form the queue!"

"No." replied her husband, "it never occurred to me to do so."

"Then if I were you I should," said his wife. Acting on this hint, the magistrate returned to Le's

me to do so."

"Then if I were you I should." said his wife.

Acting on this hint, the magistrate returned to Le's house, and having carefully parted the half on the crown of the head found the end of a nail, which had been driven home into the skull. This discovery reated the greatest consternation in the household, and es. Le's grief gave way to undisguised terror when the magistrate ordered her arrest. Proud and tri-tiphant, the magistrate reported to the Prefect the re-

umphant, the magistrate reported to the Prefect the result of his second inquest.

"I congratulate you on your skill and acumen," said the superior officer? "I suppose there can be no doubt that the widow is the criminal. But tell me what made you think of searching in that spot.

"I feel convinced, your Excellency, that Mrs. Le is guilty. Her terror, when I pointed at the nail, showed only too plainly that she was at all events a participator in the crime. As to your second question, I must confess that I acted on the suggestion of my dull thorn! (e., wife), to whom I had narrated the circumstances of Le's death."

"Indeed!" said the Prefect. "May I ask who your wife was? So talented a lady doubtless belonged to some scholar's family."

"My dull thorn," answered the magistrate, "was."

"My dull thorn," answered the magistrate, "was the daughter of the Taotal of Hangchow and was the widow of a merchant in that city named Ch'en, who died within a few months of his marriage."
"Suddenly?" inquired the Prefect.
"Rather, I believe," said the magistrate.
"I should like to make the acquaintance of so clever a lady," replied the Prefect, "And would take her evidence at the same time. Would you bring her at once to my Yamun!"

evidence at the same time. Would joe to my Yamun?"
Delighted at the distinction thus conferred upon her, the lady readily repaired to his Yamun, where, after the usual compliments, the Prefect entered upon the matter in haad. He praised her ability, and drew from her a full account of the interview at which she had made the notative suggestion.

"May I ask," he went on to say, "what put it into your head to think it possible that a nail should have been driven into that spot of the man's skull?"

"I thought it possible," she answered, with some confusion. "as I remembered once having heard of a

"I thought it possible," she answered, with some afusion, "as I remembered once having heard of a miliar case."
"Your first husband, I believe, died rather sud-mly, did he not? May I ask what he died of?"
This further question increased the lady's con-sion so much that it was some minutes before she

'He died by the decree of heaven, your Excellency.' fatal to him?"
No. your Excellency; but it often happens that "Where was your husband buried!" asked the

In the family burying-ground outside the city wall

at Hangchow."

"Very well, go home now; and." said the Prefect, turning to the magistrate, "go on with the examination into the Le case, and report to me the result in ne course."
So soon as the magistrate had taken his leave the refect dispatched a trusty messenger to the coroner Hangchow, with directions to exhume the body of hen, and to examine minutely the skuli to see hether it bore any marks which might have caused

Meanwhile the magistrate interrogated Mrs. Le, whom the sight of the instruments of torture ex-cised so powerful an influence that after some utvocation she confessed that she had murdered her

they must now perform the duty which they owe the Government. So the whole of them were drafted into the army, and now regret at leisure their folly in meddling with their destiny.

The Asiatic railways offer a field for further financial advantage. The right to build the section from Constantinople (or rather, from Nicomedia, the present terminus of the line from Constantinople) to Angora is being contested for before a Government Commission by a number of syndicates. The question of settling the amount of the advance to the Treasury, which is to be paid by the lucky competitor, is a thorny one, and one in which the views of the officials and of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to competitive of the syndicates are yet too widely separated to syndicates.

From The Boston Transcript.

The fire insurance adjuster, who goes about to verify people's losses by little "conflagrations," sees some very queer sights and hears some queer stories. One of them, who went up to the North End the other day to adjust a loss in a Russian Jewish household, was astonished at the claim which the lady of the house put in for two pillows, weighing sixteen pounds apiece, which she had brought from the old country and valued very highly. A feather pillow weighing sixteen pounds struck the loss-adjuster as an impossibility; but evidently he had not been familiar with the continental style of feather pillow, Much more interesting was the same adjuster's expertence with a Yankee woman at the South End, who submitted this item among the losses which she had scheduled in due form:

form:

WEARING APPAREL.

My husband's leg
As soon as the adjuster had reached this item of wearing apparel he protested with some vehemence.

"Your husband was in at the office this morning." said he, "and he seemed to be going about on 'wo legs as usual."

"Oh," said the wife, "this was his spare leg that was humend."

was burned."

"Have you got the—charred remains?"

"Certainly," said the lady. And she produced from a shelf in the closet all that was left—a dingy, burned stump—of her husban?'s wooden leg.

The agent was compelled to admit that the wooden leg was undoubtedly in the fire, but he questioned the right to include it among "wearing apparel," and as there seemed to be no other classification for the article, the loss was not included in the rest.

SLIGHTLY CONFUSING TO THE CONGREGATION. Arlo Bates, in The Providence Sunday Journal.

A Boston woman went into a prayer meeting in the suburbs the other evening and was rewarded, not to say edified, by hearing a pompous old gentleman been a partition. begin a petition:
"Oh, thou all-sufficient, self-sufficient, insufficient

On, that are substead, service this words from Creator!?
Only his evident sincerity saved his words from seeming outrageously blasphemous, but the congregation gave no signs of perceiving anything amiss.

"ISAAC" WAS AN OLD STORY. From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

The daughter of a clergyman in this vicinity, who had learned to read fairly well, recently asked her father's permission to read aloud the Bible to a poor, old, bed-ridden woman. Permission was granted, and once or twice a week the little girl took her Bible and read a chapter to the aged invalid.

A week or so passed, and the clergyman himself paid a call upon the old woman, and before he left he asked her how his daughter progressed as a reader of Holy Writ. The old woman replied enthusiastically that the child was an angel, and had read her some beautiful passages in the life of Isaac.

About a month later, the reading of the Bible having continued under the same auspices, the clergyman once more called upon the old woman. Naturally he repeated his inquiry as to his little daughter's reading, and was surprised when the old woman replied:

"Well, she reads very nicely, sir, but I'm getting a little tired of hearing about Isaac."

"Doesn't she read from other parts of the Bible?" the good minister asked, for he was puzzled.

"It may be other parts, sir, but it do all be about Isaac," the old woman made answer.

As soon as he reached home the clergyman called his youngest daughter to him and asked her why she had such a preference for the history of Abraham and Sarah's first-borne. Without the least hesitation the child replied: "You ese, papa, I can't read very well yet, and those long names do bother me so that I thought old Mrs. Brown wouldn't mind it I called all the men Isaac, and that's why."

So by this simple plan Jebosaphat and Jeroboam and Nebuchainezzar and Melchisedec and all the rest of the polysyllable surnames had been transformed into the simple and easy cognomen of the second of the patriarchs.

A PROFESSIONAL LETTER.

From The Boston Courier.

From The Boston Courier.

"English as she is wrote" is often so droil that the reality seems a gross parody, as witness the following letter last week received through his publishers by a Boston author whose plays are in great request by amateur actors throughout the country. The object of this precious epistic is not evident, but the editor is able to guarantee its genuineness;

Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.  GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S UNFORTUNATE QUOTATION FROM PICKWICK.

A FIERY KENTUCKIAN-ONE OF THE THINGS "BISHOP" OBERLY WOULD BATHER NOT HAVE SAID-SENATOR PALMER'S

APT REPLY. Washington, October 6,-" Dear Don's" great speech at Detroit excited a good deal of merriment here in Washington. The truth is that Don Manuel's measure has been taken-he has been "found out." The sharp social and political observers at the National Capital discovered some time ago that the Wolverine skin half hid but did not conceal a pair of extremely long ears which must belong to a very different sort of quad-ruped. It may be that the beautiful and luxuriant side wiskers" are worn as a foil to the auricular appendages, but they fail to distract the attention of the

experienced political observer.

"Don," said one of these, "Don may be a success as a political 'boss' among the rural Democrats in the most rural part of Michigan, but when they undertake to spread him all over the Northwest and bring him into contact with intelligent, thinking people there will be a disaster. Fancy a Cabinet officer standing before a mixed audience in Detroit—an audience which must have included many intelligent people—and making such an ass of himself as Don did in his ignorant attempt to borrow an illustration from the Pickwick Papers.' He seemed to know that such a man as Dickens once lived—and probably Don fancies that he is living now, writing about 'strange figures and characters which came to light in some excavations.' Poor Don! His 'Tom. Nokes' speech will follow and plague him for a long time to come. He would better abandon his attempts to revive ancient stories by dressing them in Zulu garb and to quot Dickens until he has read him-and return to his old methods which he has found rather successful among the Democratic gentry whose chief occupation is to sit on an empty box before the village grocery on election day, whittling and meditating-meditating on

the liquor question."

A friend who witnessed Don when he was in the throes of composition of the "Tom Nokes" speech informs me that the Michigander's struggles were severe and painful in the extreme. They were fellow passengers on a railway train which bore the latter on his way homeward. My friend said:

" For the first time since his appointment, I think, Dickinson was not anxious to have everybody in his immediate vicinity know that he is Postmaster-General of the United States-you know how vain he is He was very much preoccupied. Either he had for gotten his 'piece' or elze he had not yet completed it -I am inclined to think the latter-and there he was, thrown upon his own resources, without so much a a cyclopedia or book of poetical quotations to help im out. He would sit and gaze through the window at the flying landscape for a long time as if struggling to derive inspiraton, or language, or ideas, or some thing of that sort from it. Suddenly he would startshiver as though a thought or idea had hit him, and hit him hard; his eyes would roll in his head and he would begin to rise from his seat, but sink back again, casting furtive glances around to see whether he had been observed. several times the ideas were so powerful and the spasms of thought so severe that he was compelled to ise and pace the aisle and comb his long whiskers with his fingers like one in a poetic frenzy. I really felt sorry for him."

acky, Chief of the Division of Accounts, whom I mentioned some time ago as adjusting the accounts of the General Land Office by means of the trenchant bowie-knife, still brings to the solution of those knotty points of difference which occasionally fret the placid stream of official amenities the swash-buckler manners and exotic profanity which have from time immemorial distinguished the choleric natives of "the dark and bloody ground." I understand that this bloodthirsty Kentuckian has just returned from a Southern trip in which he emulated to the best of his engaged, he puts in his official time in brow-beating ch male and female employes as are so unfortunate as to serve under him. The other day, it appears, he threatened a young attorney with personal chastise-ment for the beinous sin of differing from him upon some official question; whereupon, Commissioner Stockslager interfered, and suggested that his room was hardly the proper place for such unseemly threats. Still more recently, it is charged, he administered a terrible castigation of the kind generally known as after enduring the torrent of vituperation for a while, emphatically invited Mr. Johnston to "stip out onto the pavemint for just wan second an' he'd belt the very divil out av 'im." The ferocious Kentuckian considered it beneath his dignity to accept. It is said that Senator Beck's recent convalescence has caused many employes of the General Land Office to breathe again, in the hope that he will plead with his flery young friend and constituent not to destroy them

"I noticed one incident in 'Bishop' Oberly's experience at Albany after Cleveland's election white you didn't tell in your Sunday talk about the new Indian Commissioner," said an Illinois man. "The he had worked himself into the incoming President's good graces and Mr. Cleveland was kind enough to say of his own accord that he proposed to take care of his friends in the Prairie State. Oberly was fishing for the appointment as Collector of Customs at Chicago, though he lived down at Bloomington. This and his friends were bound that Oberly should have it. They didn't succeed, because Daniel Manning became jealous for fear the Bishop might get too near the throne, and in the end he had his way. But at the period I speak of his opposition was not looked for and the chief aim of Oherly's life was to steer Mr. Cleveland away from positions he didn't want and get the plus set up for the Collector's office. Several positions were tentatively suggested by the President-

thing that will about suit you. How would you like to be United States Marshall'

Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. former cut him short, saying: As Oberly was Chairman of the Democratic Committee. "Mine friendt, if you got time t is likely that the President thought he would make a to help me get this cart out of the mud." fair exchange. But this was one of the places which Without saying a word Tompkins got down and Oberly didn't want. The pay was poor and his old lent his aid. The owner of the load bossed him co-laborer on the Committee, Joe Mackin, was in the around like a hired hand, swore at his awkwardness Marshal's custody pending an appeal from a convic- and in other ways made the situation interesting.

I've held a good many offices, but never anything of that sort. Its a sort of a Federal Sheriff, you see, when the man he had helped reached it with his load. and too much like a hangman's place to suit me.' The farmer, venting his ill humor to the landlord over

The horrified look on Dan Lamont's face caused his own accident, told of the stranger who had helped Obe if to stop short. Dan looked apprehensively at him out of the mud. "That was Daniel D. Tompkins," Mr. Cleveland. So did Oberly. 'Umph, yes,' said the ex-Sheriff of Eric County.

Something in that. But some pretty good men have en Sheriffs, eh, Dan?' "Nothing more, however, was said about making Oberly a United States Marshal."

friend chanced to meet Chief Clerk W. W. Walker of shoulder to the farmer's cart wheel and the vote of the General Land Office and accosted him in a warm the Harlem Dutchmen was cast almost solidly for him.

Why, hallo, Jordan, old fellow, how do you do!" To the utter amazement of his former crony, the Democratic official did not fall upon the shirt-front of joy and gladness; in point of fact he blushed as red as any peony and seemed much upset and discomfitted, ville and a peer of the United Kingdom, besides giving his old but new-found friend, and shed great sobs of The pair, however, withdrew, and it is to be presumed ister of the Interior Department shows William Walker, appointed from Representative Dick Townshend's Distriet of Illinois. Dame Rumor, however, has it that Br'er Walker originally halled from North Carolina, complished and able Lord Lyons was the representahaving served as a Major in the Rebel Army from that tive of the Court of St. James at Washington. As State. Sinful and misguided men have not been want. whispered that the gallant "Majah" had cogent reasons personal to himself and to others for removing so places at court; but he was a favorite of England's rapidly and for so long a term of years from his nagreat Premier and the title was the result. The three tive State; but then this is a wicked and censorious pretty daughters of the Minister, one of whom

world, and, in any event, time has doubtless amelia rated the gaping wounds of an ancient tragedy.

Interesting news is received in Washington of the State campaign in West Virginia. Senator Kenna is intensely disquieted over the magnificent fight Gen. eral Goff is making for Governor, because he knows that the real issue is the Legislature and Goff is likely to succeed him. Kenna foresaw this two years ago and did his best to retire the popular Wheeling Congressman to private life. All the surplus energy of the Democratic Congressional Committee, of which Kenna was chairman, was employed to defeat Goff. As the normal Democratic majority in the district was 1,200, this should not have been difficult. Kenna spent the weeks before the election in the State managing the campaign in person. A few days before the voting he telegraphed Phil Thompson, his colleague on the committee:

"We have got Goff knocked in the head sure won't be any come-back ativeness to him this time."
Still later the outlook was so good that he telegraphed Ben Wilson, a West Virginia Democrat who has a place in the Department of Justice -"Goff is laid out sure. Glorify."

Wilson is a practical person and he waited until the returns were in before "glorifying." The latest returns showed that Goff had an increased majority and the Republicans had made gains in the Legis which promised to give them a majority in it in 1888. No one wonders at Kenna's absence in West Virginia now. Nobody has received instructions from him this year to glorify over GoT's supposed defeat. He has

There is a pretty little city in Michigan, about thirty miles from Detroit, called Ypsilanti. It was named for Demetrius Ypsilanti, the Greek patriot, who died in 1832 after a life devoted to securing the freedom of his country. Captain E. P. Allen, Congress He was addressing a large Republican meeting there a day or two ago when in the midst of his argument a tipsy voter on the edge of the crowd shouted.

'Allen, whats the matter with free whiskey !" Quick as a flash the Congressman replied, Well, my friend, you ought to know all about that." Then the crowd laughed so that the man felt called

pon to leave the hall.

It was at Ypsilanti also that Senator Palmer, in th campaign two years ago, had a funny experience with a noisy spectator who was perhaps the identical gentleman who interrupted Allen, and in which the Senator scored a great point for the argument of protecon in his usual good-natured conversational tone when he was rudely interrupted by a man in the audience: "Senator Palmer," the man began. have a very elegant house in Washington."

"Put him out. Put him out," shouted the specta-

Oh no. don't do that," said Senator Palmer. There is nothing I like so much as conversation. I like to be interrupted, as it gives me time to rest and amuses my hearers. Come right up here, my friend, where you can have a fair chance. Now what is your question?"

Well, Senator," resumed the man, "they say there is one room in your elegant Washington house that cost \$10,000; that it is finished in mahogany, and that you were required to pay no duty on the mahogany, as it is admitted free; and yet you go in for a duty on nine lumber, a business in which you are engaged. How do you explain this?"

The crowd were startled at this, for the Senator was making a strong protection speech, and the man's question was regarded by them as a regular "side winder."

"Now, my friend," promptly said Senator Palmer, "I am glad you asked that question. I don't know how much the room cost, although it certainly cost in the log about \$500. It came to New-York in an American vessel, built by American shipbuilders, American longshoremen unloaded it, for which they were paid \$2 and \$2 50 a day; American draymen hauled it to the depot on American built drays, drawn by horses raised on an American farm, and put it into cars built by Americans; the cars were drawn by a ability the recent "offensive partisanship" of his Sec-locomotive to a depot and thence on American drays retary, Colonel Vilas; and that when he is not so to the shops. It was worked up in Detroit by Amerilocomotive to a depot and thence on American drays can laborers paid at the rate of from \$2.50 to \$5 a day; it then went through different hands, all Ameriwhere it was put up by Americans; and when it was all done I had to borrow the money to pay for it. The foreigners, you see, got \$500 and American labor \$9,500. Now, my friend," concluded the Senator, as the crowd ceased cheering, "this illustrates the beauty of the American tariff. When a man who thinks he has money wants to put on style the tariff language used is claimed to have been unusually sultry and sulphurous in its character and several ladies who heard it echoing through the corridors are said to have but as soon as it is sawed or worked in any way, then it must pay 35 per cent duty. If the rich man will dance he must pay the fiddler." All the time Senator Palmer had been making his

point the crowd was smiling and applauding the complete answer he gave to his notsy questioner. They cheered lustily at the conclusion of the speech, and the doubting Thomas crowded up to the platform, shook the Senator's hand, and amid the laughter of

of a campaign. Sometimes they come from the personal experience of old stagers who have managed plant themselves right in the way of offices seeking the man, so that the office couldn't get away when once sighted. Sometimes they are gathered from the traditions of political struggles in former generations. Of this sort is the story a Western Congress man, who got his first public training along the Hudson, tells of the way Daniel D. Tompkins came to be elected Governor of New-York in the early part of the century, and thence came into the arena of National politics as Vice-President. At that time the influence of the old landed aristocracy was great and the gulf between the patron the honest yeomanry was a and The country all the way up from Manhattan to Albany was filled with worthy people who were known as "Harlem Dutchmen." Their prejudices were so strong that the candidate for any office was apt to elect, but to all of them some plausible objections fare badly unless he could conciliate them. Tompkins were found. Finally Mr. Cleveland thought he had was anxious to have the support of these "Harlem Butchmen" and he started out on his campaign, driving "'Oberly,' he said one day, 'I believe I've got some-sing that will about suit you. How would you like indifferent till one day he overtook a farmer whose load of wheat was stuck fast in the mud. The candi-The position was then held by 'Long' Jones, the date stopped to make some political inquiries, but the

" Mine friendt, if you got time to talk you got time tion for ballot-box stuffing.

"Well now, Mr. President,' he said insinuatingly, effort by Tompkins lifted the wheel out of the rut you know a man ought to have some liking for the office he's expected to fill, and some experience, too, the box of the rut grunted his thanks, and Tompkins got into his buggy the held a good ways offices but never anything of

> said the landlord; " he has just left here." "That Daniel D. Tompkins," said the Dutchman incredulously, "the great Daniel D. Tompkins? And he help me out of the mud and keep still when I swear him. Py tam, I vote for Daniel D. Tompkins, and I tell my friendts what he did."

Sure enough the word went up and down the river It is said that the other day some old South Carolina of the way the great Daniel D. Tompkins had put his

The death of Mortimor Sackville-West, first Baron Sackville, without male issue makes his brother, the Honorable Sir Lionel Sackville-West, K. C. M. G., him the rent roll of two very valuable English estates. embraced each other more cordially in the official se. Now that the British Minister has a seat in the House clusion of the Chief Clerk's room. The official reg. of Lords he may not care to remain in the United a quarter of a century that the British Minister has ing who aver that his name was Jordan Walker, and portant social functionary than ever and his increased ing who aver that his name was Jordan Walker, and portant social inactionary man ever and his increased that some little while after the close of the War he income will enable him to dispense still greater moved to Illinois without sound of drum or trumpet and quite unknown to his old-time friends and he quantitances; and there remained, "the world forget precedence in the diplomatic corps over untitled ting, by the world forgot," until that great Re-former "General" Sparks found him serving in the length of time an envoy has been accredited to this minor State Judicature and besought him to join the Government. The Sackville title was created in noble Army of Democratic Reformers at the comfort. 1876 when Benjamin Disraeli was Premier, although than to hold several lucrative and strictly ornamental

recently married an attache of the French legation here, will now have the prefix "Honorable" before their Christian names, that befug the courtesy title given to the daughters of a baron.

Probably the most expensively dressed man in the House is "Farmer" John E. Russell, of Massachasetts, whose sheep rose to almost the dignity of a National issue in the tariff debate. Mr. Russell knows good wool when he sees it and has almost as great a weakness for fine goods as a woman has for handsome silks. Last winter he wore a sult which cost him the modest trifle of \$60, and his summer "toilet" was a diaphanous silk pongee, for which he paid his tailor \$60. The average member of the House does not spend an extravagant sum for dress, but the Senators as a rule are more liberal and more particular about their attire. You can always pick out an Eastern man by his neat and well-fitting suit, which is generally a three or four button cutaway. The Western man goes in for a sack coat and seldom buttons it, while the Southern affects a Prince Albert. The Eastern man is particular about his neckwear, the Southerner wears that most abominable thing, a white tie in

at all. It is a noticeable thing that very little jewelry is worn in Congress. Occasionally you will eatch the flash of a diamond, but you will see more in five flash of a diamond, but you will see more in live minutes in the Hoffman House bar than you will by talking to members of Congress for a week. Representative Fisher, of Michigan, who a dozen years ago was peddling milk from a cart, and whose wealth to will be. The Glants are not cold weather players. a large diamond stud of the purest water. Perry The reported wager between Messrs. Day and Von Belmon's pearl pin, which he always wears in a der Ahe, the former betting \$100 to \$5 that New-York black research day is limited by seven figures, heads the list with black searf, no matter what the season of the year, has become a Congressional institution almost. "Tim" Campbell rejoices in a big diamond cluster shirt-pin, and General Spinola is never seen without an emerald shirt-pin set with diamonds; but these are the ex-ceptions, and the majority of members wear little or no jewelry. And less is worn in the Senate, especially by the very rich men.

daytime, and the Western man is happier without any

LINCOLN AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

From The Youth's Companion.

Will the world ever know what depth of tenderness there was in the heart of Abraham Lincoin? An anecdote, which has never been published, brings out one more instance in which his sympathies, awakened by a little child, nobly controlled his action. In one of the first skirmishes of the civil War, a young Union soldier was so severely wounded in the leg that the limb had to amputated. On leaving the hospidal, the young soldier, by the aid of inthential gentlemen, obtained a position as a Government weigher of hay and grain. Not long after he had entered upon his duttes, his superior officer said to him:

"See here, Mr. M.—, this hay weighs so much on these scales; but to the Government it weighs so much more." From The Youth's Companion.

I do not understand, sir, that way of doing business

"I do not understand, sir, that way of doing business, I can enter but one weight, and that is the correct one," answered the young weigher.

His superior walked away, uttering threats. The young man from that day suffered many petry persecutions for his honesty, and it was not long before he received notice that the Government had no further need for his service. The summary dismissal made him so down-hearted that when he told the story to he seemed a man without hope.

need for his service. The summary dismissal made him so down-hearted that when he told the story to his family, he seemed a man without hope.

"Father," replied the eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen, "cheer up! I am going to see President Lincoln. I know he will make it all right."

Her father and mother tried to turn her purpose, saying that it would be useless to see 'he President, as he would not attend to such a petty matter as the dismissal of a weigher of grain. But her faith in the President's sense of justice was so strong that she went to the White House, and, after three days of patient waiting in the ante-room, was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence.

The hour for receiving visitors had nearly expired, and as she entered the room the President, throwing himself on a lounge, said, wearlly, "Well, my little girl, what can I do for you?"

She told her artless story. Mr. Lincoln listened attentively, and with a smile asked, "But how, my dear, do I know that your statement is true?"

"Mr. President," answered the girl, with energy, "you must take my word for it."

"I do," replied the President, rising and taking her hand. "Come with me to Mr. Stanton."

"Stanton." said Mr. Lincoln, as they entered the office of the great War Secretary, "I wish you would hear this child's story."

"I have not a moment to spare to-day, Mr. President."

"Come again, my dear, to-morrow, and Mr. Stanton "Come again, my dear, to-morrow, and Mr. Stan

"Come again, my dear, to-morrow, and Mr. Stanton will hear you then," said the President, leading her The next day she was admitted at once to the Presi-The next day she was admitted at once to the President, who took her over to Mr. Stanton's office. The Secretary listened to the child's simple story and was so moved by it that he indignantly exclaimed, before she had finished. "The infernal rascal!" He went to his desk and wrote an order for the immediate dismissal of the dishonest official, and for the appointing the little girl's father to the vacant place.

Mr. Lincoln never forgot the child; he told her story to several Congressmen, and through their influence her two brothers were enrolled among the pages of the House of Representatives.

A LESSON AMERICANS MUST LEARN. M. Quad in The Detroit Free Press.

Ing scarcer every day, and I sometimes flatter myself that I have contributed to drive him out. When I left Toledo for Cincinnati, the other day, the train was crowded and people were standing up in every coach. In my car was a man occupying two seats. He had a bad-looking head on him, and he cared so little for our rights that he did not look up from his book. There were five of us standing up, and I said to the group:

book. There were five of us standing up, and I said to the group:
"Gentlemen, there are three seats for which we have paid. Let us take possession."
"He'll lick and raise a row."
"But we'll lick and raise a bigger one."
"Yes, but what's the use of quarreiling with a

"Fut we'll kick and raise a bigger one."

"Yes, but what's the use of quarrelling with a hog?"

"It is just such men as you who have made him a hog. You have allowed him to impose on you until he has come to think he owns the railcuad."

Not one of the four would move. I went to the other end of the car, where three women were crushed into one seat, pleked up a twelve-year-old boy near by, and walked up to the hog and asked:

"Have you pad for four seats here!"

"That's my hustness!" he promptly replied.

"And mine and the public's."

I cleared the seat of his baggage, seated the woman and boy, and then crowded in beside the hog. He made an awful row, but it was useless. He was left with what he had pald for, and we got what our tekets called for. Let every passenger kick on the railroad hog, and he must go.

One day last spring there were ten of us at a hotel table in Nashville. The soup was scorched and no one could eat it. Not a potato brought to us was done. The milk for the coffee had turned. I invited the others to go to the office with me and kick. They were drummers every one, but not one would go. When people speak of drummers as kickers they are way off. They will put up with more and do less complaining than any other class of men on earth. In the present case one of them spoke for all when he said:

"Yes, things are bad and ought to be righted, but we are here only for the meal and it won't pay us to s, things are bad and ought to be righted, but here only for the meal and it won't pay us to

kick."

I went out alone. The landlord was in the office, and I asked:

"How long since you were in the dining-room?"

"A week, I guess."

"You don't oversee the meals?"

"No."

"Well, please go to the head table and taste the milk, examine the potatoes and smell of the soup."

He departed at once. When he returned he was hopping mad. The head waiter was called out and dressed down, the head cook got nicely peeled, and the landlord shook my hand and said:

"That kick of yours will benefit this house \$5,000. I had no idea things were running thus."

The natural inference with him was that as long as no one kicked everything must be going all right and everybody satisfied. A thousand men had no doubt gone away mad and injured his house.

SOMETHING GOOD IN STORE.

From The Detroit Free Press. A big man rushed at a little man at the ferry dock he other day and exclaimed:

"Ha! Now Ive got you. I'm going to knock the op of your head of: "Ha! Now Ive got you. I'm going to knock the top of your head off."
Come on and try it," replied the little man as he got into position.
"You slandered me," shouted the big man as he backed off a little.
"What of it!"
"You've got to take it back or get licked! I'll give you. I'll give you one week to take it back, and if you don't do it!"!—"
"What!" cried the little man, as he advanced upon him.

him. "I'll perhaps extend the time, but you've got to take it back."

"Til perhaps extend the time, but you've got to take it back."
"Hold on-wait!" shouted the little man as he got his coat off, but the big man waved his hand and ran aboard the boat to call back:
"Two weeks and not another day! Then prepare to get mauled!"

CLEARLY ANOTHER PERSON. From The Chicago Tribune.

"What did you find in the pockets?" inquired Mrs.
Hankthunder, anxious!

"There was a small hymn-book," said the Coroner,
together with a handkerchief, some postage-stamps,
a few tracts on total abstinence—"

"It wasn't the Colonel," exclaimed the Kentucky
lady, greatly relieved; "he's probably coming on the
next boat."

A DISTINCTIVELY COLLEGIATE DIALECT.

From The Springfield Union. The class cry of the Yale freshmen is: "Bric-a-kex-kex, coax, coax, bric-a-kex-kex, coax, coax, coax, whu-op, whu-op, whu-op, parabaloo—'92." We take it that this is a combination of bull frog and katydid remarks, translated into Volapuk.

UNRECOGNIZED GENIUS. From The Detroit Free Press.

From The Detroit Free Frees.

He was dressed in a new suit of faultless fit, and he was the only man in the bobtail car. This gave him an excellent opportunity to show off a fine diamond ring he wore. At last he gave up his seat to a lady and then posed for a further benefit on the outside platform.

But fate, in the shape of a woman, pursued him

The woman to whom he had surrendered his good
seat reached the end of her route. Singling him out
with her index finger she callest sternly:

"Conductor, stop the car."

THE GREEN DIAMOND.

NOW FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

WHY THE PRIZE SHOULD PALL TO THE GIANTS -FORMER SERIES-THE SCHEDULE. The coming series of nine games between the New-York and St. Louis clubs for the championship of the world promises to be the most exciting contest on the

green diamond ever fought in this country. The writer expects to see the local club capture the series, but recognizing the remarkable staying powers of their Western opponents, cannot predict a walkover for the Giants. While the New-York nine undoubtedly has stronger batters, as a whole, than St. Louis, the latter excel in base-running, which may prove a winning feature in these games. The local nine also seems to have the advantage in the pitching depart-ment, and Keefe, Welch, Crane and Titcomb ought surely to be more than a match for King, Hudson, Chamberlain and Devlin. The local club will be the favorite, except in the American Association cities. The New-York players think they will win easily, while the St. Louis men are just as confident that the world's championship will go to their city. Giants have played a steady, carnest game this year for the first time since the team was organized. If they can play in the same form in the coming series will be. The Giants are not cold weather players. been made between the presidents of the two clubs. A glance over the records made by the clubs in

past seasons for the world's championship will prove interesting at this time. The first series was played off between League and American Association clubs in 1884. In that year the Metropolitans won the latter pennant, while the famous old Providence Club was the leader in the League race. The two teams played three games for the championship at the Polo Grounds that year, and the pets from "Little Rhody" won all three with ease. The scores were 6 to 0, 3 to 1 and 12 to 2. The League was riumphant that year and gained new recruits. the following year both pennants went to the West, Chicago winning the League championship and St. Louis the Association. Seven games were played that fall between the two winners, and resulted in a tie, each club winning three games, and one game be ing drawn. Another series was arranged, three games being played at Chicago and three at St. Louis. The St. Louis Club won, capturing the second, fourth, 6fth and sixth games. Last year St. Louis again won the pennant, while Detroit captured the League flag. This series attracted more attention than any that had gone before. Fifteen games were played, and the Detroit nine won the series rather easily. Detroit won ten games to five for St. Louis. Just 51,455 people witnessed those games. Each team cleared \$12,000 on the series.

The arrangements for the coming games between St. Louis and New-York are about completed, although a few minor details remain to be finished. Of the nine games to be played, three will take place in New York, three in St. Louis, and one each in Boston Brooklyn and Philadelphia. In case of postponement at any of the above places, a game will be played at Cincinnati. There will be no cash prize, if one excepts the gate receipts. When playing on neutral grounds the owners of the grounds will receive 20 per cent. After the series is finished the receipts will be equally divided between the two clubs, after all the expenses of the tour have been deducted. As 81 dmission will be charged, some of the economical followers of the game may not like it. Following are the dates:

At New-York, Tuesday, October 16. At New-York, Thursday, October 18.

At Brooklyn, Friday, October 19. At New-York, Saturday, October 20. At Philadelphia, Monday, October 22. At St. Louis, Thursday, October 25. At St. Louis, Friday, October 26. At St. Louis, Saturday, October 27.

The management of the Brooklyn club also wishes arrange a series with their New-York rivals, but it doubtful now whether such a series can be played. The local club will not be able to get home from St. Louis before October 29, and by that time it will proba bly be too cold to play longer. Many people hereabout would like to see the two teams meet. Each has its partisan supporters, and the games, with favorable weather, would draw tremendous crowds. The two nines will certainly meet next spring, if they do not play this fall. President Byrne has already arranged the following games to be played after the close of the heard it echoing through the corridors are said to have people. The duty on the mahogany log is nothing.

I have met the railroad hog a great many times, regular championship season: Brooklyn vs. Indianpeople. The duty on the mahogany log is nothing.

I have met the railroad hog a great many times, regular championship season: Brooklyn vs. Indianpeople. The duty on the mahogany log is nothing.

I never meet him without making a kick. He is growapolis, at Washington Park, Brooklyn, October 17 and 18; Brooklyn vs. St. Louis, at Ridgewood Park, Ocher 21. Games will also be played between Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Washington clubs.

> Ward may, and then again he may not, play with the New-York club next year. In case he does not, Hatfield will, in all probability, look after the daisy-cutters at short-field for the Giants. In conversation with the writer the other day, Ward said: "I have about made up my mind to take a rest next season. and make a trip around the world. I have been playing steadily for eleven years, and I think I have carned a vacation. I shall go to Australia with Spalding's party, but I do not expect to return with them. After the season in the Antipodes, I expect to cross the Indian Ocean Into India, and pay a visit to Bombay and other places of interest. I also expect to cross the Red Sea, go through the Suez Canad and up the Mediterranean. After going mat far, I may weary of travel, and if so, I will courn direct to London and from there home. If I do this, I shall probably get back here by May, or at least June I. I may decide, however, to go through Iraly and France, and in that case I would not return until later. I have no fault to find with the local management, and have no especial desire to play in any other club. I have always been treated in the most generous and courteous spirit by President Day." palding's party, but I do not expect to return with

The coming meeting of the Central League, to be held at Newark on November 17, promises to be one of the liveliest baseball sessions of the coming winter. This junior organization is but a year old, shown remarkable vitality. Some of the clubs have shown a spirit of combativeness which is neither shown a spirit of combativeness which is neither graceful nor benedicial. The present wrangle between the Newark and Jersey City clubs over the championship question will probably be settled then. The Newark club has the best of the fight, according to the recent official averages, but the management of the Jersey City club say they have evidence which will overbalance this. Some of the players charge the Newark club and Newark umpires with conduct not exactly proper. Manager Meissl is being hauled over the coals in an unusually lively manner, especially by some of the umpires.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE WEDDING. From Time.

From Time.

How interesting it is to hear an account of a wedding from the lips of the happy, chattering little bride herself as she recounts the whole affair to one of her intimate friends, who listen eagerly while the bride says:

"And, oh, everything went off perfectly levely! There wasn't a single hitch from beginning to end although I was dreadfully nervous, and wit was so nervous himself that I was in mortal terror all the time for fair he'd drop the ring or make some horrible mistake when he came to saying: 'I. William, take thee, Annabelle, etc.' but he didn't, although his voice trembled and so did his hand when he took mine. It's a mercy we didn't drop the ring between as! What if we had! 'I'd have died! But we got through the ceremony without a single mistake. And, oh, the church was lovely! Then came the reception and all that—and the congratulations. And it did sound too funny to hear will saying, 'my wife,' at first—h'd give my hand a little squeeze every time he said it, and I'd came awful near giggling right out, and what if I had! Then the support! Oh, it was elegant! Everything went di perfectly be addited! And as for the presents—oh, oh, o.o.h! They—"

The short time allotted to our readers for their so-journ on this terrestial globe moves us to cut this story short, but the remaining ten or more chapters will be sent, on request, to those who are particularly interested in this subject.

A FRENCH SCHOLAR

From The Boston Courier. From The Hoston Courier.

One of two ladies who have just returned from abroad relates an amusing amendote at the expense of the other. They had been informed that if in Paris they spoke French the tradespeople would treat them more liberally and be less inclined to swindle them more liberally and be less inclined to swindle them. Neither of them knew the language, but whenever they were out shopping together the one who tells this story preved better able to make herself under tood by the clerks, and was consequently intrusted with the negotiations. Her companion, however, evidently wishing to impress the tradesmen with the idea that they were really French, persisted in saying in a half audible voice, despite all remonstrances of her companion:

"O Lizzie, liberte, fraternite, equalite!"



FOR THE TABLE ... ON EACH PIECE

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